

## Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

## ELEGY ON THOMAS CAT.

By VANDYKE BROWNE.

"A nation's shame, a random kind."

Replies Cat is past.

Poor Tom's a cold," no saving grace.

Of parochial leech with a plasm.

Could keep him from death's hungry jaws,

Or ratify his latest spasm.

His usually mews will never more

Assail us at the hamper-halt;

But still can't overtake him.

We're shocked at Byron's festival.

And friends, draw near and weep.

As though catastrophe.

For now a catastrophe even.

Has sealed his "blest" ministry.

A bunch of croup marks the spot.

Where poor Tom catnaps evermore.

His last news have gone to get-

His tale is told; his songs are o'er.

Dead for a dust! "Tom's a cold."

No sinecure has the world to move—

His substance has become a shade.

## MY FIRST DEAL IN HORSE-FLESH.

When the Post began to hoot and use his beaming eyes, I was full well that, although I pretended to make light, the battle was really on.

But, "I said, "I really don't think, then, that a quite comical about a country parson's daughter to compare about the country on horseback. You know how censorious people are, the Misses—"

Having had a hand on my mouth at once, to see the secret. Then, as the Adams-whether Duncan McArthur or Vanes we cannot now say—was chosen, but so was then the transmission of intelligence that on the day of the Presidential election the of John Quincy Adams and General Jackson, in Congress, were to come up to town, which gave me to understand the May meetings. At the same time, he it's a duty to attend to the last wishes of his old master who was, however, a little sentimental about his son, and, in fact, I found the things that ought to be done. He said this very carefully, as though he were talking to himself rather than to me.

Everything was so fair and above-board, that I was compelled to conclude the deal at once. I felt it was a duty to do so, and the Adams would look like an insult to ask for a trifling fee paying, especially as I was to have a written warranty.

By way of aiding him, he was trotted up and down the yard, and he certainly won superfully, with fine high action, and with eyes full of courage.

The money was paid, and the stamped warranty was given, and I directed the groom to send him to the stable, and returned by the evening train to the rectory.

"Well, papa, what about the horse?" were the first words with which I was greeted by Miss Betty.

"My dear, darling, it really is a superb creature, and will become your pride."

"Did I tell you, papa?" said she, kissing me, "that it would turn out well? You know I have a kind of presentiment about these things. You know I always get just what I want, just in the nick of time!"

"But supposing, Betty, we could find you this year you had a horse?"

"Supposing there is no supposing about the horses—All you are asked to do is to find money, and I'll find the dear dead master."

"So that you may soon should have the name of masterless, and have dire misfortune."

"He destroyed by the moths, unless it is taken and worn; so you see the coat of the horse will be more than saved, after all."

I did not see the company of the argument, it is when he looked you through with her eyes and falsehoods violet eyes? At least, not papa; and possibly another, one of these will feel inclined to forget his logic also.

Now, then, don't you see that you are safe."

There, papa, if you are a good boy, you shall ride sometimes; and he will do for plen-

tice to drive you over to Grimsby, where that old man's old bones have earned a little."

"Well, miss, I said; "I am afraid this is too good to be true. I shall feel quite safe in your care."

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"An old acquaintance," he explained.

"Impossible," I said, somewhat hurt at his familiarity; "he has just come out of Northgate."

"I am a good boy, who come to seek their fortunes, and sink down into Cunningham rooms one meets at the corner of the street in May Fair, plotting treason against their masters with the corn-chandler. I asked in vain, for long time, for the horse, and was not allowed to see him again."

"Did you ever hear of such a perfect man?"

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